

# St. Joseph's Collegian.

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Vol. XIII.

Rensselaer, Ind., March 1907.

No. 3.

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## ○ Soul of Love.

○ Soul of love, who from above  
Directs the thorny path of man,  
My soul inspire with holy fire,  
And loose me from the sinful ban.

Thou Shepherd true, give me in lieu  
Of riches, honors, luxury,  
A heart sincere, of sin great fear,  
And rear me in humility.

That I may be, from evil free,  
Abound each day in kindly deeds;  
With loving heart, perfect my part,  
Until a better life succeeds.

JNO. J. GALLAGHER, '09.



## Pioneers of Civilization.

Spoken, Feb. 22nd.

FAITHFULLY complying with the injunction of her divine Founder, "Go ye, therefore, teaching all nations," the Church has ever dispatched her messengers of peace and salvation. Even as the beams of the sun penetrate the mists and fogs, so have her beneficent rays dispelled the clouds of ignorance and barbarity. No nation but can trace the dawn of civilization to the light of the gospel, and as this light shines brightly, so will civilization display its lustre. Until the advent of St. Patrick, Ireland was the home of idolatry and superstition; savages inhabited the thick forests of Germany before St. Boniface and his co-laborers penetrated them; while the incessant warfare among the hostile tribes made England the scene of untold carnage, until St. Augustine gave them the word of God. Coming closer to our own day, we note the success of Jesuit missionaries among the Indians, both in North and South America. What would Father Jogues not have effected, had he not been hampered by the French and English.

Reviewing the achievements of these apostolic men we are liable to forget those of our own day. To-day, as ever, hundreds of missionaries go forth to barbarous regions, there to plant the cross, the symbol of redemption, to instruct the natives and bring them under the saving influence of Christianity.

The worldly may object that their motive is a purely religious one: "They would gain the barbarians not for civilization but for their creed." I admit their motive is primarily a religious one, but Christianity and civilization



are as inseparable as cause and effect; aid the former, and you must inevitably advance the latter. They do more than christianize, they civilize as well. Correcting their barbarous manners, they teach them the cultivation of the fields, and the domestic occupations, and, above all, persuade them to live peacefully and contentedly in their homes. Everywhere churches and schools mark the route of the missionary. Education is by no means neglected. Its standard is constantly raised, as the weak intellect of the rude people permits. China is a fair example. Aroused by the success of Japan, her sister country, she has finally expressed a desire to arise from the grave of lethargy and superstition in which she was buried for centuries past, and now welcomes the missionary.

Who are the agents of civilization if not the missionaries? Is it the musket and rum bottle? Is it the merchant and trader? No! they mingle with the natives only to plunder them. Even the very barbarians turn away in disgust at the shameful vices of their civilization. They hinder and undo in a measure the work of the missionary.

Civilization has no other agents than the missionary. Not the soldiers sent by governments. They can conquer and exterminate but not civilize. Why do governments take possession of countries if not to rob the natives and exploit their country? They care little for the advancement of the inhabitants, much more for the wealth and fat of the land.

No such material aims impel the missionary. He enters the dark jungle and the barren desert only in quest of souls. Whence is the surprising success of the Salesians in South America or the flourishing missions of the Trappists in Africa? It is because these marshy, fevery districts or desert lands offer no prospects for exploitation to the commercial agencies, that they stay away and permit the missionaries to pursue their work unhindered.

Let us now ask, What is the secret of their success? Next to the grace of God, it is their gentle and sweet method of teaching and the persuasion of their holy lives. What better sermon than the daily life of the humble mis-

sionary and angelic sister? What other credentials do they need for the sincerity of their belief than their complete self-sacrifice and detachment from everything men hold dear. This, together with their piety, zeal, and charity is the magnetism so powerful with simple minds.

Our admiration increases when we learn with what small funds they must carry on their work. Unlike the non-Catholic missionary who goes out with a goodly salary and receives abundant financial aid for the erection and maintenance of the mission, the Catholic missionary must ever struggle to make ends meet with whatever little alms and donations his touching appeals may have procured.

With nothing to sustain him save love of souls, he surmounts all obstacles and endures the most trying ordeals. His heroism springs not from mere natural motives. That a fond father should rescue his child from danger, even at his own risk, is nothing out of the ordinary; but to offer everything, life itself, to benefit the poor inhabitants of the forest is indeed a noble heroism.

It surely argues sincerity and devotedness to leave all the comforts to which they have been accustomed and to brave the hardships and dangers of unknown regions and unhealthy climates, to live among a rude people, whose manners and customs shock every sense of propriety, and perhaps be subjected to attacks, torture, and death at the hands of those whom they would benefit.

In company only of the Lapland dog, the missionary undertakes long journeys across the frozen seas of the high North. Others bear the scorching rays of the tropical sun. Hazarding their lives in the pestilential swamps of New Guinea and Zanzibar or among the lepers of Matambo and Madagascar trying to check the epidemic regardless of their own person, they face death in all his forms.

In spite of the awe that ensconces these holy men, many of them, too, have been cruelly murdered. They are martyred but not conquered. Undismayed their brethren toil on, until their work is crowned with success. Verily, they sow in sorrow and adversity; anxiously they nurture the



germs of their work, with tears — their very life's blood — they fructify the plants of faith, but their joy shall be great on the day of harvest.

Every year marks the success of their efforts; nakedness disappears, men lay aside their wild manners and brutal customs, their souls and hearts and minds expand under the influence of the religion of Christ, peace and material prosperity come to them as a result of the instructions of the missionary.

What can inspire such marvelous power? It is the love of God united with an unreserved charity for souls and the knowledge of an eternal remuneration. A lively faith bears them cheerfully on, and consciousness of duty performed encourages them not to relax in their zeal.

All hail to the courageous men, who

“Act in the living presence,

Heart within, and God o'erhead.”

By their kindness and love they write their names upon the hearts of thousands never to be forgotten, and leave behind monuments that the storms of time shall not destroy, the tree of faith, the fruits of which reach into heaven.

ALEXANDER LINNEMAN, '07.



## The Art of De Quincey.

A little more than half a century ago there was affixed to many of the most notable literary productions of that day the name of a popular author, Thomas De Quincey. Attracting, in his time, wide attention on account of the great variety of his works, he is even now a most interesting character in literature. His writings engage one's special attention, on account of the incentives that prompted him to write, and also by reason of the subject matter and the magnificent diction of his productions. As well in regard to his life, therefore; as to his literary accomplishments, De Quincey still holds the attention of numerous readers.

Naturally, the best known and the most unique products of De Quincey are his autobiographic sketches, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater." These confessions were once regarded as mere works of the imagination, whereas they are without a doubt a most picturesque and faithful statement of the victim's own experiences; and thus the narcotic became the inspiration of this most graphic, refined, and perfect work,—a piece of art without precedent in all literature.

The vicious habit of opium eating naturally moulded the expression of these open and spirited avowals. De Quincey himself says: "In his happiest state, the opium eater cannot present himself in the character of *L' Allegro*, even then he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*." While the clouds of profound melancholy thus oppress his brain, De Quincey dwelling in a dream-world among visionary scenes, records the effects of his passion.



The tenor of these "Confessions" is impassioned. The original, vigorous and graphic portrayals of self have here and there a touch of the imaginative. "Habitually to dream magnificently, a man must have a constitutional determination to reverie." This truth is characteristic of De Quincey, who frequently sinks into strange Oriental dreams. The power of opium asserts itself, and the effect is an "habitual magnificent dream", which, although often causing diffuseness and digressions, leave a strange and powerful impression on the reader's mind.

Next to this novel and unique work, a highly attractive study is De Quincey's grand description of the meteoric flight of an obscure Tartar tribe across the breadth of a continent, from Russia to China. This is truly a study of the deepest interest; for although a great event in history, it is generally slighted in its records. The thrilling, romantic description of the spectacular flight of a myriad of Tartars from the shores of the Wolga to the Chinese frontiers is most impressive and dramatic in its effect. Through our author's magic wand the picture is indeed a sad one: how the Tartar revolt became a dire catastrophe; how for seven or eight months the vials of wrath were emptied on the fleeing tribes; for to the fatigues, famine, and a host of other wretched evils were added continual attacks of pursuing Russians. De Quincey's description is more attractive than an ordinary historical account, being largely a work of the imagination. "In strength of portrayal and vividness of coloring, if not in accuracy of historic statement, it excels the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, the only classic with which it may be compared on anything like equal terms."

Besides these two unique and artistic productions De Quincey wrote many other essays, biographic and critical. Particularly charming and characteristic of him is his defense of Joan of Arc. This treatise places our author in the lime-light of observation and criticism; it reveals the power and magnificence, but also the weakness, of his language. Here we find the crowning glory of his style, the grand and powerful apostrophe. "Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if

they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee"! Similiar apostrophes give this essay unusual power and grandeur. Thus to him who condemned the heroine: "Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. . . . . I know, bishop, that you entering your final dream, saw Domremy." Here, too, his sentences roll in all their power and magnificence, like the clouds of a gathering storm, all life and motion. Notwithstanding this exalted grandeur of style, so well befitting the subject, De Quincey even here shows his chief weakness, for the touching story of Joan of Arc is somewhat marred by irony and frequent digressions.

In his "Murder considered as one of the fine arts," De Quincey passes entirely to the humorous and the satirical. Its delicate wit and irony moves one to such a laugh, tempered with a thrill of visionary excitement and horror, as is rare among the laughs of literature.

Many of his smaller essays are like dreams, vague and shadowy but poetical and musical—sad or joyful pieces, as the mood suggested them. His Dream Fugue, for instance, is as fine a fugue as any ever written by a musical artist.

His essays on literary men show a breadth of knowledge, a beauty of style, though not always soundness and justness of thought and criticism. The article on Shakespeare is known to have cost him more intense labor than any he ever wrote in his life. In the wide diversity of his subjects, De Quincey—owing to previous thoughtful reading and a retentive memory—stands forth, if not always as a sound thinker, nevertheless as a master of style and word-painting, as a genius of versatility.

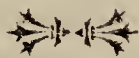
If De Quincey was incapable of sustained thinking, he is equally eminent for the power of concentrating his faculties of thought, imagination and feeling temporarily on the subject before him, which is necessary to infuse vitality into any composition.



Comprehensive was De Quincey's training in the classical languages. This fact explains the grace, power and magnificence of his style. But it also accounts for his repeated expressions and quotations from that classical source, which, if too frequent, bespeak much pretension and pedantry; and indeed, these are his greatest faults. The very amplitude of his learning frequently leads him into diffuseness and digressions.

As De Quincey was at one time an ardent admirer of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he now remains their companion on the book-shelf, their peer in imagination and magnificence of diction. Their companionship in the memorable cottage Grasmere is now continued in the library; and straying at any time through the broad fields of literature, one will find among the names of its great geniuses of style that of Thomas De Quincey.

HERMAN GRUBE, '07.



## Longing.

**W**HERE play the merry sparkling rills,  
That mirrored the buttercups at the foot of the hills,  
And purred to the pebbles their passing lays  
In Lethean lull on summer days?

And my red-breast robin in the orchard so gay,  
Chirping me thanks for his red-cheeked prey?  
The sweet-scented meadows, the arbor, where they,  
My haunts of reflection at the dawn of day?

Bluebells and orchids, by the wayside, that bloom,  
Why have you left me in my hours of gloom?  
Burst forth in array—blue, pink, and white,  
Come back with the birds—my joy, my delight!

I. W. COLLINS, '07.

## Adolf Kolping.

THE world may have been mistaken in more than one instance when it ranked a man among its great ones, but if we may judge true greatness in a man by his ability to recognize the need of a great work for his fellow-men, and his success in accomplishing it, we do not hesitate to recognize the claim of a humble priest, perhaps little known outside of his own country, Adolf Kolping, the father of the German Gesellenverein, or Working-men's Union. Among the first ones to see the need of close union for the working-men, especially the younger portion of them, under the guidance of religion, he called into being this magnificent organization, which has done so much for the Catholic working-men of Germany, advancing their professional, social and spiritual interests, safeguarding them against the dangers of the times, and keeping them out of the toils of that modern monster, Socialism.

Considering the results of Adolf Kolping's efforts we see his greatness well established. Yet the words: "Behold the lowly peasant cottage, in which so great a man was born," which Beethoven spoke referring to a picture which represented the birth-place of the famous Hayden, may also be applied to the home of Adolf Kolping.

He was born at Kerpen, near Cologne, December 8, 1813, the child of a poor peasant family. His weak constitution was to Adolf, as to many other great men, the first opportunity to his future greatness. Since manual labor was too severe for him, he was sent to the country school, where he received a tolerably good training. Already at this time the pious and highly gifted Adolf cherished the desire of becoming a priest. Failing to procure the neces-



sary means for this, he was obliged to apprentice himself to a shoemaker, which trade he practiced for many years. Whatever free time was left to him he devoted to study and reading, exercising himself also in composition, both in prose and verse.

A parish priest taught him the rudiments of Latin, and at length, in 1837, Kolping at the age of 24 entered a college at Cologne. Divine Providence, who had singled him out for a great task, also found benefactors to meet his expenses.

Although his health continued delicate, and his studies were repeatedly interrupted by severe attacks of illness, he completed the college course in three and a half years, and in 1841 was admitted to the university.

In April 1845, after fervent preparation, his heart's desire was fulfilled, and the former artisan was ordained a priest at Cologne.

Kolping's first appointment brought him to Elberfeld, a city situated in the heart of the industrial district of Germany. No better field could have been assigned to the young priest, who brought with him not only a zeal for souls, but a love for the working-men and a knowledge of their conditions. The occasion to enter upon his peculiar mission, to which he had always felt himself called, namely of ministring to the needs of the working-man, had now arrived. He understood very well that to hold the Catholic young men in the Church, you must neutralize the anti-Catholic, irreligious and immoral influences of the day; you must ground them in the truths of religion and fill them with love for the Church; you must keep them from non-Catholic affiliations and assist and encourage them in their work. This could only be done by uniting them into societies.

At Elberfeld Kolping found a Juenglingsverein or Young men's society, which he cherished and supported with all his power, but as the members were almost all young working-men, or Gesellen, he changed the statutes of this society to suit the needs of these and called the society the Gesellenverein. To this Adolf Kolping devoted all his care,

and with such singular success that its fame spread to other cities and towns, in which societies were organized under his direction.

A circumstance favorable to Adolf Kolping's cause was his removal to Cologne, in 1849, as cathedral vicar by the famous Archbishop, Johann von Geissel. Here Kolping found better means and opportunities to labor in the interest of his organization. A circular in which he explained to the public the object of the Gesellenverein, had its desired effect. Kolping himself visited many cities and instituted the Gesellenverein. Thus the organization soon became favorably known and extended its influence even into the neighboring countries. In 1853 there were spread over Germany three hundred clubs, and even Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Freiburg and Innsbruck had its Gesellenverein.

The work now having become national in scope and character, Kolping gave the statutes a final revision. It was his aim to preserve the independence of the local branches as much as possible and still to bind all into one organization, animated by the same spirit and aim.

That the society might always be under the influence of religion he ordained that each of its clubs should have as moderator a priest; "who alone is," to quote Kolping's own words, "the born instructor and educator of all," and who was to help the members to practice in public and private the duties which morality and religion inculcate.

To provide for the social needs of the members was no less important. Hence every branch must have its club-house, where the meetings are held, and the members may spend their leisure hours pleasantly and profitably. These club-houses should also at a low rate give lodging to traveling members, if their passport showed them to be in good standing.

To raise the standard of general and professional knowledge among the members and to stimulate their desire for self-improvement, each club was to have a collection of books furnishing information on religious, industrial and technical topics. Literary and dramatic entertainments as



well as lectures by priests and laymen were to subserve the same end.

The Gesellenverein itself is a large family, whose members strive to benefit their brethren by an edifying example and help them in any way possible, bearing in mind the words of the Gesellenvater: "Taetige Liebe heilt alle Wunden! Blossse Worte mehren nur den Schmerz."

Besides laying down these wise regulations, Kolping also admonishes the members to be always cheerful, to use the time conscientiously, to guard against wastefulness and extravagance, to live pure and unblamable, and to acquire every possible literary and professional knowledge, and thus to become men of character, who may be relied upon to stand firm in every storm.

It is the custom of the "Gesellen" of Germany, in order to perfect themselves in their profession, to travel and seek employment under different masters. In this manner Kolping's men spread his beneficial influence through Germany and wherever they came.

In 1862, Adolf Kolping was promoted once more, this time to the rectorship of the magnificent Monoriten church at Cologne. Through the rectoration of this most beautiful church he gained lasting renown.

The great exertions of the untiring Kolping could not fail to make themselves felt in his naturally weak constitution, and it was wonderful to see him bear up amid so much labor.

At the dedication of the new large "Gesellenhaus" at Cologne, Kolping for the last time saw and addressed an immense assembly of his "children." An ailment of the heart and an attack of dropsy hastened his death, and three months later, on the 4th of Dec. 1865, at the age of fifty-two, Adolf Kolping with a smiling countenance and a blessing for the Catholic Gesellenverein on his lips transmitted his soul into the hands of his Creator.

Amid a great concourse of "Gesellen" and in presence of high dignitaries, his venerable remains were placed in the church of which he had been the late rector, under the

altar of St. Joseph, whom he had chosen patron of the organization. A memorial with the inscription: "Here rests Adolf Kolping. He asks for the alms of prayer," marks the burial place, to which thousands of "Gesellen" pay the tribute of a visit.

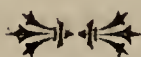
All felt that a great and saintly man, a lover of God and men, had passed away.

Kolping had tried in word and deed to induce the laboring-man to a higher standard of life and to bear his lot cheerfully. Wherever he could not be active in person, his periodicals and other literary works, which display a broad knowledge, rare ingenuity and childlike piety, exerted a beneficial influence. And what could better prove his greatness than the fact that over 1100 Catholic Gesellenvereine exist to-day in Europe and the United States, with more than 80.000 active members.

Of this immense number who can count the many bodily as well as spiritual shipwrecks Kolping has prevented, the many families for which he has laid the foundation of a happy home. Innumerable ignorant youths have through the Gesellenverein become efficient and competent men, the timid have been inspired with confidence, weak characters made firm, and many been kept from socialistic affiliations. That the Catholics of Germany are able to present such a united front in the Reichstag is due in no small measure to the Gesellenverein or Working-men's Union.

Adolf Kolping, the "Gesellenvater," however, to whose efforts and genius all this is owing, has justly been honored with a magnificent statue at Cologne, in acknowledgment that he is one of the world's great men and benefactors.

ALBERT C. SCHERRIEB, '08.





## Man's World.

“**F**RAIL man,” some ancient bard has said, “is but  
A tiny world,” that runs its orbit round,  
Where Will on double throne in silence rules  
His two contending subjects, in whose care  
A jewel bright and precious lies concealed.  
The one in carnal greed and selfish end,  
With hollow show that glitters as the sun,  
Would feign induce King Will for passing joys  
To hazard this his trust. With jealous eye  
And guarding wing, the other leads the way  
Mid stormy waves where shines the distant gleam  
That lights the Golden City far beyond.

Thus runs man's world within; but who can say,  
How goes his world by others seen without?  
What harmony where each its orbit runs,  
Nor fast nor slow, nor swerving from its way,  
Glides on in true accord. Alas, how sad  
Where one impatient grows and rushing strikes,  
While mad destruction's dark'ning palm sweeps o'er  
With discord's loudest wail. What grand display  
When morning sunshine lights these glittering orbs  
Both great and small; but ere the noon-day sun  
Sends forth his burning beams, with burst and groan  
The brightest oft display a frail and hollow shell.  
Alas, how pale the light of orbs that gleam  
But by reflecting from their face the rays

Of spheres that shine. No mutual warmth within,  
Nor spark of life to stir the sleeping bud.  
At what a height gleams yonder orb, so far  
Beyond the common vision poised aloft,  
Its thin relentless rays in space dispersed,  
Whose mission like its light remains unknown,  
Whose frozen path leads on to solitude.  
See, what a constellation follows hard  
The wake of yon aspiring sphere! Its way  
Bestrewn with wrecks of worlds, their splendor gone  
To mark ambition's course through mists of tears.  
Oh, little worlds, grown bold to scenes like this!  
When will the worth of each demand respect,  
Or each its little light to all extend?  
When shall the sun behold thy peaceful course  
And discord's clouds forever roll away!  
When, o'er destruction's ashes shall there loom,  
In all the pomp and splendor of a King,  
Will's throne; while round it Duty, Love, and Law  
Protect the precious jewel of his care?

LEO FAUROT, '08.





## Present-Day Literature.

(Class Exercise.)

PERHAPS at no other time in the history of the world have the veins of literature yielded such a wealth of general knowledge as at the present day, conspicuous alike for its style, diversity of subject matter, and general influence.

This great mass, for the most part, when examined for its style, flows on like a clear stream, reflecting all the influences of former literary analysis. Here and there is strewn along its way a gem of rare beauty, the whole presenting a course that is pleasing and novel. In fact, the humor in modern literature is almost as indispensable as the freedom of its tenor. Under the stirring influence of this freedom all the departments of literature are filled to overflowing.

Although our age has no great poetic genius and perhaps may not produce one, still the poetry of to day is good. It tends to spring forth with a kind of careless freedom, after an age of binding rules, and the production bears a stamp of naturalness heretofore unknown.

The prose department fills the land like the waters of a flood, dispersing knowledge by essays on general and religious topics, criticisms on art and literature, reviews of historical and scientific research, discussions on political economy, and works of travel.

The greater portion of these are on topics of general interest, and it cannot be denied that they bring within the reach of the general mass of the people knowledge which a decade or two ago was the exclusive possession of the educated. Whether they educate in the true sense of the word may be doubted, since they present information in a nutshell or as a pill to be swallowed without chewing. As a rule these essays remain somewhere within the limits of truth,

but not a few of them are tainted by vulgarity and sensationalism.

Religion is a wide field for the scribe, learned and unlearned, in which he may roam at his pleasure. While there is an air of candor and good-will in the writings on religious matters, it can hardly be said that they evidence much knowledge on religion as such, or the Catholic religion in particular. Frequently they are idle speculations, tending to agnosticism or infidelity.

The criticisms on art and literature present quite a subject for pros and cons, which owing to their international character tend to settle for time to come the relative worth of masters and their works.

It is interesting to note what diligence is exercised in collecting, correcting, and compiling the modern accounts of the world's history. Throwing aside the former religious and national prejudices and sparing no time nor expense for arriving at a knowledge of historic truth, the historian combines all the arts of rhetoric to present it in a pleasing way, and truly wonderful is the result in our modern histories.

What is true regarding the writing of history is likewise true in the presentation of the results of modern scientific research. No sooner has a scientist made a new discovery than his influence is brought to bear upon a large portion of humanity through the reviews of scientific research.

No less pleasing is it to note the great interest taken by the people at large in national problems, the result of the wide spread discussion on political economy. Through these discussions the people begin to feel and think as with one mind of the great questions of the day.

In a summary of the departments of modern prose literature we must not forget our pleasing and accurate works on travel. These are not subject to gross errors and exaggerations as in former times, for the growing extent of travel would soon mark such things as folly.

Thus we see how the different departments of present-day literature deal with every phase of human life and



effort, and because this information is scattered broadcast in journals and books at a reasonable price, the average person has not a few of the benefits of a university education.

Yet with all these advantages within the present haunts of the world's knowledge placed thus at our disposal, there lingers the drowsy air of liberalism, the noxious germ of indifferentism, and the wily serpent of skepticism.

Above this vast accumulating host of authors there waves the enticing sign "Tolle, Lege," and it would seem that the greatest question would be, not how much, but what to read.

LEO FAUROT, '08.



## March.

A WAKE! Awake! O sleeping Queen,  
Behold the sunlit day;  
Return to us the diadems  
Which you have taken away.

Return them to the naked oak  
And to the barren vale;  
Attach them to the mountain top,  
And strew them through the dale.

Bring back the song of nestling birds,  
The murmur of the brook;  
The whispers of the balmy winds,  
The flight of fleetly rooks!

And lo! the earth is new again,  
The fogs disperse and flee;  
The birds flit round the alder bush  
In happiness and glee.

Our frozen dreams dissolve, depart,  
As the sun so mildly gleams  
Upon this new created world—  
A Paradise it seems.

The silvery drips of rippling brooks,  
The wavelets on the shore,  
Are whispering the welcome news  
That March is here once more.

P. MILLER, '08.



## Faithful.

IT is a clear winter night at Valley Forge, in 1877. Millions of flickering stars light the scene. The valley which opens before us, the dense woods in the background, and the ridges of hills on either side, are covered with glistening snow. There has been a driving snow-storm on the preceding day, and now the night is bitterly cold, bringing much suffering to the half-starved, poorly clad soldiers that have gone into camp here for the winter. Even their tents, that shine in the distance, seem covered with snow.

A deep stillness rests over the camp, broken only at intervals by the tread of the sentinels on their way to relieve their comrades.

Near the tent of the commanding general we find a sentinel standing stiffly at his post. He is a tall and strongly built Virginian, with broad shoulders and clear, blue eyes. Proud are his looks and although suffering from the cold to which he is unused, for he has only recently joined the army, he seems undismayed by the rigors of winter.

As he stands there musket in hand, his thoughts go back to warm and fair Virginia, and his mind is with father and mother. "Home, sweet home," he murmurs. "I wonder how my parents are. Sleeping peacefully, I hope. How they must have suffered ever since their only son left them. How brave of them to let me go. But soon the war will be over, and then I will repay them for what they miss now.

He passes his cold hand into his bosom and draws forth a letter which he has received that very day. It is from his mother and contains for him a world of love and cheer. Though it is a bright night he has some difficulty in reading it; for his eyes are dim and his hands are trembling. After scanning a few lines, he drops the hand which holds the

letter, and with the other upon his gun he sinks on his knees, and his head falls upon his breast. Is it to pray or to sleep?

It is near morning. Two forms are approaching the tent of the General-in-Chief. The one is recognized by his uniform as George Washington himself, the other is that fine Prussian soldier, Baron Steuben. They had left the camp unnoticed and had been reconnoitering, and now they must find to their dismay a sleeping sentinel. The strict military Baron approaches the guard and lays his hand upon his shoulder. The sentinel does not even raise his head.

"What is the matter" sounds the voice of George Washington, seeing the frightened captain.

His subordinate feels the rigid hand of the sentinel and looks into his pale and quiet face. Turning to his general, he salutes and says: "General, he is dead! A hero to his country: frozen in her service."

C. KLOETERS, '07.



## Solitude.

NOT the glare of the city streets;  
But a calm blue sky o'erhead;  
Not the cries of frenzied Mammon,  
But a silence born of the dead.  
Not a life in the mad, mad, whirl,  
But a life where none intrude;  
Not the anguishing cry of the world,  
But a life of solitude.

J. J. G., '09.



\*) Sanchez, Dominican Republic,  
West Indies, Oct. 16, 1906.

Rev. P. A. Kanney,  
St. Joseph's College.

Dear Friend:

Your kind letter arrived here on the Clyde Line SS. *Seminole* about a week ago, but I was much disappointed that the "Views" you sent to my address at Norfolk, Va. did not come with it.

To a stranger on a foreign shore, sweltering under a tropical sun and chilled under burning glances of unfriendly natives, a letter from home and friends is his keenest pleasure. It is very soothing to know that one still lingers in another's memory. Though, perhaps, a truant son, I have never become untrue or forgetful of my Alma Mater. In those frequent moods when my pipe weaves better plots than Victor Hugo or Marie Corelli, I often visit St. Joseph's College. Distinctive features of familiar faces float before me, many of which I can call by name. I should like to recall them from the different parts of the world, and, reassembled in the halls of St. Joseph's, I would have each one, Chaucer-wise, tell a tale. I stroll around the dear place, along those gravelled walks in the trim lawn, that so often reminded me of illustrations in Wentworth's Geometry. Serene, mirror-like Lake St. Joseph is always interesting, and gradually I stray into the study-hall, where I slew so many a fat hour. Those were happy days and passed like Solomon's glory. With several strokes of the metaphor the valedictorian of Class '02 'launched me into the sea of

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\* We are very glad to give space to this interesting letter from an alumnus. His example, we hope, will encourage others to burnish their pens grown rusty from disuse. —EDITOR.

life." At the first plunge I found life deeper and colder than I had imagined. Like a timid creature, I felt like throwing up my hands and cry: "Vanity, vanity, and all is vanity." After a while I grew more courageous and found it quite safe and not a bit vain, and that the unrealities were the real things in life. I found anticipation the beginning and end of all pleasure, and thus I held the "open sesame" to eternal happiness. I anticipate fame and fortune, and consequently am quite happy.

I have been a year and a half in the tropics, in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Porto Rico, Danish and U. S. West Indies, but mostly in Santo Domingo. The Dominican Republic occupies one half of the island of Santo Domingo, one of the West Indian group, which lies north of the Caribbean Sea and about two hundred years from the United States. It is covered with cloud capped mountain ranges, beautiful valleys with luxuriant growth—a veritable Eden—stupendous thriftlessness and a great number of assorted machetes. Its products consist chiefly in sugar, coffee, fruit, minerals and revolutions. A large amount of sugar, fruit, and political exiles are exported every year. The government is republican in form, and all government officials become publicans (in the Roman acceptance of the word) soon after their triumphal entry. The chief executive—El Presidente—is usually elected by a cross-country dash, excessive flourishings of carabinas and machetes, and sometimes a little bloodshed. In rare cases he is elected by Congress in the constitutional way, but this method lacks excitement which the romantic Dominican loves. The duties of El Presidente are to write several *annunciamientos* and a military display, scoop up all loose government cash and evaporate. Only a short time ago Senor Carlos F. Morales was El Presidente. He delayed the usual procedure so long that the Vice-President, Senor Ramon Carcares, got impatient. In consequence Ramon informed Carlos F., with many assurances of his undying esteem and love, that if he would not abdicate, it would become his most painful duty to assassinate him. Presidente Morales seemed incredulous,



till a pistol-shot in the arm persuaded him to take to the dense shrubs of Porto Rico. Thereupon followed the exodus of the Moralites. The government troops are well organized and consist of many generals and captains and some privates. They are great shouters and about as harmful as Pasteurized milk.

The people are of an easy-going kind, who work little and gesticulate much; they also eat little and sleep much. The upper class change garments once or twice a day; the lower class, never—they wait till it comes off by itself. Up to the age of discrimination the children bask in the hot sand, dressed only by metonymy, trimmed with angelic innocence. In point of race, the Dominican people are divided into three classes, ranging from flowing tresses and alabaster cheeks to broad noses and monstrous lips. The Castilian, or purely Spanish race, is very scarce, and their chief occupation is to wear acutely pointed shoes, smoke cigarillos and live on the family fortune, stowed away in some cubby-hole of the casa. The mixed race is most numerous. Some of these work, while the majority keep stores. This class does the fighting in revolutions. They excel in the knowledge of knowing nothing. The pure negro class is small and can be found sprinkled through all sea-port towns, but mostly on the haciendas in the interior. Poverty is their fortune.

Santo Domingo is rich in historical associations. Many a time have I stood in the Cathedral at Santo Domingo City and contemplated the tomb of Christopher Columbus. Columbus founded the city, and his castle and church, huge, box like buildings, built of sandstone and mortar, are still in existence. On the right bank of the Ozama River stands a gnarled old ebony tree, measuring about six feet in diameter, to which Columbus is said to have tied his boat. About a hundred yards further up the river is a housed-over well, which dates its existence to the times of the discoverer of the New World.

I remember quite well, when my childish feet were dangling from the school bench in my Ohio town, reading

about the perils of Columbus in a threatened mutiny, if land would not be sighted in a certain time. In the nick of time "Land Ho!" was shouted by the look-out stationed in the cross-trees. In gratitude to the Almighty Columbus named it San Salvador. In my childish ardor I thought that the sight of that land would be the climax of all possible earthly joy. I have looked upon San Salvador and scrutinized it carefully through the ship's glasses and felt distinctly disappointed. It is nothing but a small island with sloping, barren shores. On it stands a light-house surrounded by a small cluster of delapidated dwellings. St. Thomas was the rendezvous of the pirates, and Captain Kidd and other sea-robber chiefs are said to have hidden there when closely pressed. The West Indies are rich in romantic love, of which I may write you at some later date.

Trusting that you will not let my name die in the memories of St. Joseph's, I am,

Most cordially yours,

FRED W. BOEKE.





# St. Joseph's Collegian.

Published by St. Joseph's College;

Edited bi-monthly by the Students.

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Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Single copy 20 cents.

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All letters and communications should be addressed:

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

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## STAFF.

CLEMENT H. BOEKE, Editor.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, Exchanges. LEO FAUROT, Locals.

BERNARD J. CONDON, Societies. DAVID P. FITZGERALD, Athletics.

ALEXANDER LINNEMAN, Personals.

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## Editorials.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made in our last issue that a competition would be held for the twenty-five dollar gold medal for the best Essay in English, offered by the S. J. C. Alumni Association. We herewith publish the rules governing this contest:

1. No other limits are assigned to the essay as to theme and method of treatment than those laid down in manuals of rhetoric. However, for the guidance of contestants, we will insert here the definition given in Sheran's Handbook of Literary Criticism: "An essay is a brief prose composition, highly finished, with unity of theme and methodical development of thought."

2. The essay is to contain no fewer than fifteen hundred and no more than thirty-five hundred words.

3. On or before April 1, competitors must submit type-written

manuscript to one of the judges, marked "For the Alumni Medal Contest," signed by a pen-name.

4. A competitor may submit more than one manuscript.
5. Manuscripts must not have been published.
6. The judges reserve the right of withholding the award, if none of the manuscripts is thought worthy of the prize.
7. Manuscripts not in conformity with these rules will be rejected.

We heartily agree with Rev. T. M. Conroy, '06, who writes: "I trust that a great deal of interest will be shown in our contest, and that it will develop a significant amount of talent to make the Alumni feel that a due amount of appreciation has been shown for their gift."



THE STUDENTS are deeply grateful to Father George for the love and devotion shown to them during the retreat. As on other occasions, they enjoyed his beautiful, instructive and stirring discourses, and it need not be said that they are resolved to benefit by them.



ON the 27th of February America commemorated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her foremost poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The whole nation combined in offering to him the tribute of love and homage of which he is indeed highly deserving. What a powerful influence for good does he not exert over the hearts of his readers. As a true poet, he was well aware of the subtle power and influence of poetry, and strove, ever sincere, simple and pure in his conception, to appeal to the finer sensibilities and feelings of mankind. Our admiration and esteem for him is not mingled with a sad regret of misdirected zeal and ardor.

Longfellow considered art not for art's sake but art for humanity. He loved poetry for its sacred mission of ennobling and elevating the mind and heart. Though Longfellow is not as musical as Poe or as imaginative as Tennyson or as interesting as Browning, his sincerity and simplicity are charms peculiar to him alone. May this centenary increase the love and appreciation of Longfellow.



WITH the recent death of Jeremiah Curtin, America parted with another of her noble sons, whose name will go down to posterity. The fame of Mr. Curtin, scholar, diplomat and author, is not confined to his own country but has also spread abroad. By his translations of "Quo Vadis" and the other works of the famous Polish novelist Henry Sienkiewicz, he rendered a great service to the English-speaking world. His was indeed an arduous task, but it was for him a labor of love.

Mr. Curtin possessed rare linguistic power, being credited with the wonderful feat of mastering seventy languages and dialects. This accomplishment proved to him an "open sesame" to the vast treasure house of ancient myths and folklore. As an Irishman he felt special fascination for the folklore of ancient Ireland, and he labored zealously in compiling these various quaint tales of Erin.

Mr. Curtin is known also for his ethnological researches. For years he was connected with Smithsonian Institute and the Bureau of Ethnology. His researches extended to the tribes of the Orient, and proved very valuable. Men like Jeremiah Curtin—and their number is happily increasing—shed more lustre on the American name than all the politicians.



THINKING is the application of the mind to a problem or situation, judging and weighing it in all its phases. Thinking represents mental activity, investigation and creativeness. Individual thinking is an especial need of the student, for, though he may accumulate a vast amount of knowledge, of facts, and truths, this stock of second-hand erudition will prove of slight value to him, unless he has become mentally alert and responsive by careful and vigorous thinking. Every student should be self-dependent, relying on his own opinions arrived at by reflection on general topics of interest. He should never be satisfied to repeat "pre digested" and second-hand opinions. Of course, there many instances where a student owing to a lack of ability or opportunity of personal investigation must rely on the judgment of the acut-

er minds of his superiors. But by thinking and acting for himself as far as lies within his scope, and by infusing his own personality into whatever he does, he will find that after many failures his mental abilities have been improved to such an extent that he is able to see the right side of things unaided. He will find himself able "to stand on his own feet," independent of the opinion and judgment of others. If the student does not exercise his faculties of reasoning by correct and deep thinking while young, he runs the great danger of forming hasty and incorrect conclusions in after life, remaining forever a shallow-minded man.

An eminent English critic commented lately on the subject thus: "The vices of our educational system are seen in the enormous proportion of men who have no intellectual interest whatever, who read nothing but the half-penny paper, and take all their opinions from what they are told, and are thus the easy dupes of every cuckoo-cry. We want to train men to think for themselves to take an intelligent view in literature, politics and religion."



"Leaves have time to fall,  
Flowers to wither at the northwind's blast,  
And stars to set — but all,  
Thou hath all seasons for thy own, O Death!"

This was again verified in the untimely death of our beloved fellow-student John P. Murphy, who was suddenly called from our midst. During his short stay at the College John had endeared himself to all by his grace and sweetness of character and his edifying conduct. His ever cheerful disposition and good nature had won him many friends. He was a zealous



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student, pursuing his studies with ardor and success, but an all-wise Providence was pleased to take him from this world in the morning of his life.

John P. Murphy succumbed at his father's home at Lafayette, Ind., on Feb. 23rd, in consequence of an operation for appendicitis. A few days before he was seized with illness after a game of polo, and a doctor was called. Improving a little, he was taken home by his mother, to return no more. He passed away peacefully and well fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

The Collegian and the students extend to his bereaved parents their deepest sympathy and the assurance of their prayers for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The members of the First Latin Class of St. Joseph's College extend their heartfelt sympathy to the parents and relatives of John P. Murphy. As a model student and genial companion he was beloved by his professors and classmates.

Though we feel his untimely loss, we are consoled by the thought that to him death could have no terrors, for it is more like the dawn

“That awaking from a weary night,  
Of fevers unto truth and light.”

Resolved: That we have a Requiem High-Mass offered up for the repose of his soul on the 27th day of February.

RICHARD KUNTZ	}	Committee.
LEON DEFRANE		
CLARENCE RULMAN		

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## Exchanges.

THE *Pelican* from Covington, La. brings complaints against the work of the Ex-man in general which seem to have some weight. For, the aim of the Ex department is not to connive at everything that passes under its inspection as literary, and as just the thing desired in a college-journal; nor is it on the other band a 'war department.' It is, probably, this latter aspect of the ex-column that hinders the *Notre Dame Scholastic* from editing exchanges.

The real office of a critic is not very apparent in most of our visitors. Some exchanges are mere indexes of what they find good or bad in their reviews, without telling us what makes it so. Others are rather optimistic admirers, who forget that the judgment of a critic should penetrate even to the subsoil of a composition; while some again make use of the Ex-column to fling repartee and bitter retort.

If we journals wish to form a union to further our interests in the world of letters we must have our diplomats. And these are the Ex-men. They are to make the acquaintances, and by judicious and honest opinion are to assist their brother ex's in scaling the heights to literary excellence.

And now, to practice what we preach, we would tell the *Pelican* that its standard is not literary. The style is somewhat hackneyed and lacks so many requisites that we must call it commonplace. Imitate the example of the pioneers in the arena of 'college politics,' and perhaps some charming bard of the 'Sunny South' will use your pages to pour out his lulling strains, that will move your northern peers to an expression of admiration.

Had it not been for the penitential garb which the *Mt. St. Joseph's* donned this month, we fear it would have been



refused forgiveness, owing to the old literary sin of 'dryness.' Understanding this to be a hopeful sign of repentance, we withheld our measure of wrath, trusting in an entire conversion in literary matters after Easter.

The American citizen is indeed a peculiar microcosm, and calls for a deeper study than the writer of an essay on the gentleman manifested in the *Oakland Collegian*. While the essay contains some excellent reflections on the rights and duties of the citizen, it does not meet the expectations raised by the broad title. "At My Teacher's Grave" shows that St. Mary's has poets as well as essayists. But let them remain within their own studios and not associate too much with the joshers, lest their ideals be lost.

We admire your artistic make-up, *Exponent*, and would gladly have you paint a field of Wordsworth's "Daffodils", with his "Skylark" flitting up from them to the azure. In other words, give us a Wordsworth number, and you shall have reached the aim and perfection of what your last issue so deeply reminded us.

*The St. Ignatius' Collegian, S. V. C. Student, Academia, The Morning Star, The Nazarene, The Solanian, Pittsburg College Buletin, Notre Dame Scholastic, St. Mary's Chimes, The Dial, and the Agnetian Monthly* show that the frost has not nipped the blossoms on their fruit trees. We make extra mention of "*The Child of Mary*," from St. Mary-of-the Woods, Vigo Co., Ind., which is very carefully edited, and attractive in form and content.



## In the Library.

BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE continues to be a highly entertaining and instructive magazine. Every month it contains a variety of reading matter that will satisfy the most divergent tastes. A fascinating serial and several delightful short stories and character sketches, all written by our foremost Catholic writers may be found in each issue. To give solidity and substance, these are interspersed with several good essays on subjects of interest and importance.

We cannot see why Catholics persist in reading the sensational, mushy and even dangerous, secular ten-cent magazines, when they are offered just as much entertainment and information in our Catholic periodicals, in which there breathes the Catholic spirit. We hope that Benziger's will persist in publishing their magazine, even if the margin of profit is only small, for we believe that the time is at hand when good taste and good sense will compel large numbers of Catholics to take more kindly to Catholic publications.

CHARLES CHITTYWICK. By David Bearne, Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.

Charles Chittywick, the latest work by Father David Bearne, S. T. is an ideal juvenile story. Diffused throughout its pages are many beautiful Catholic sentiments and instructions. The style is easy, pleasing and simple. The touch of a genius is displayed in the faithful delineation of character. The story is unusually interesting and well sustained. A peculiar atmosphere pervades the pages, on account of the quaint English setting and the frequent use of a dialect akin to the Scotch. This book cannot be praised too highly, and considering the price asked, it should be found on the book-shelf of every Catholic home.

R. F. D., '09.



## Personal.

Mr. George Scheidler, who was compelled to discontinue his studies for two years on account of failing health, is again among us.

The Collegian extends its deepest sympathy to Bro. Fidelis Baker, in the loss of his aged father.

It is with much regret that we announce the departure of Father Vitus Schuette from St. Joseph's. He is now stationed at St. John's Church, Glandorf, Ohio. Father Vitus takes with him the respect of all the students, and will be remembered with gratitude by the members of the St. Xavier Literary Society, who have lost in him an enthusiastic moderator.

During the week of Dec. 16, 1906, Messrs. Rudolph Stolz, Meinrad Koester, Sylvester Hartman and Sebastian Kremer, members of the class '02, received the order of deaconate from the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding.

It cannot but be of interest to learn of the whereabouts of some of the old boys who are now dispersed over the country.

Mr. C. W. Sibold, '02, represents the firm of Frerick and Eliot of New York in Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Jos. A. Dickman, is a contractor and builder in Muskogee, Indian Territory.

Mr. E. A. Wills, '03, has taken a position in the Moore and Moore Law Office of Detroit, Mich. We are sure that Mr. Wills will become a successful lawyer.

Mr. Eugene Schweitzer is in the business of the Carbon Cy. Timber Co. Douglas Creek, Wyoming.

Mr. Frank Theobald, '02, is at present attached to the Hospital Staff of St. Ann's Sanitarium, Chicago. He will soon have the "M. D." attached to his name.

## VISITORS.

Rev. L. Hefele, St. Joseph, Mo.; Rev. Christian Daniels, Sedalia, Mo.; Rev. Geo. Horstman, Remington, Ind.; Rev. Wm. Hordeman, Frankfort, Indiana.

Mrs. Delaney, Hammond, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Middletown W. Virginia. Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. O'Connor, Poland, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Auburn, Ind. Mr. Peter Hummer, Montezuma, Ind. Mrs. Mary Oliger, Burkettsville, Ohio.

## Ordinations.

The usual Christmas ordinations took place at the Seminary of the Fathers of the Precious Blood, Carthagen, O., Tuesday and Wednesday, December 18. and 19. Tuesday morning during Low Mass, the Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Ind. conferred clerical tonsure and Minor Orders upon six Alumni of St. Joseph's: Benno Holler, '03; Remigius Monin, '03; Ludger Huber, '03; Egon Flaig, '03; Alexius Schuette, '03; and Ignatius Wagner, '04. After these rites four members of the class of 1902, who received Minor Orders, Christmas 1905, were elevated to the office of sub-deacon: Revs. Rudolph Stoltz, '02; Meinrad Koester, '02; Sylvester Hartman, '02; Sebastian Kremer, '02.

Wednesday morning at half past eight o'clock the Rt. Rev. Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass, during which the last mentioned four members of the class of 1902 were raised to the diaconate. During the ordinations the Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by the Very Rev. Henry Drees, C. PP. S. as Assistant-priest; the Very Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S. Provincial as Arch-deacon, and the Rev. Paulinus Trost, C. PP. S. as Notary. Besides these the following Priests and students C. PP. S. assisted at the Mass: Revs. U. F. Miller, and Didacus Brackman, '98, deacon and sub-deacon respectively; Revs. F. Schalk, and Ambrose Dowd, '00, deacons of honor; Rev. P. Trost, Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Ernest Hefe, '01, Ass't. Master of Ceremonies; Revs. Hubert Seiferle, '01; Julian Meyer, '98; Faustin Ersing, '98, Messrs. Benjamin Alt, '05; Albin Scheidler, '05; V. Meagher '06.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. Alexius Schuette, C. PP. S., '03, rendered the beautiful and expressive Missa



"De Angelus" from the New Vatican Kyriale.

These ordinations were the first in the new chapel since it has been completely furnished. The spacious sanctuary with its set of choir stalls offers the best facilities for the proper execution of the ceremonies of ordination.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 18., the Students entertained the Rt. Rev. Bishop and visiting clergy with the following musical program:

- Overture, "Cardinal" ..... Losey.
- Selection, "Czarina," ..... Raithbun
- March, "Unity Hall," ..... Mackie-Beyer.
- Waltz, "Twilight Hours" ..... Ripley,
- Galop Characteristic, "Automobile." ———
- Overture, "Gems of Germany," ..... Kuhner.
- Grand March, "The Ambassador," .... Laurendeau.

During the intervals Mr. Mathew Helmig sustained the good spirits of the audience with two declarations: Caesar's Oration to His Soldiers when about to invade the "Country of the Suevi, (Schwabenland)." "Cicero's Famous Oration Against Cataline," faithfully done into the German by H. Fehrenbach. Both pieces received well-merited applause.

After the program the Rt. Rev. Bishop favored the students with a short speech delivered in his usual happy manner. He spoke of his own College and Seminary days, and of education as it existed then and now. His remarks concerning education, uttered with earnestness and pathos, were full of the wisdom experienced, and sank deep into the hearts and minds of those present.

I. W., '04.



## Societies.

**C. L. S.** In the turmoil attendant upon the opening of school and the dreaded semi-annuals, the Columbians seemed to have been sorely pressed for time to devote to society work and literary pursuits. But the interesting meetings of the last few weeks showed a return of zest and spirit in the members. The first meeting of the new year was held Jan. 20, at which the installation of officers took place. The roll of the society was also increased by the admittance of several new members, to whom the society extends a welcome hand. They are as follows: George Scheidlør, Albert Hoffman, Louis Heckman, Henry Buescher, Walter Eppley, Bernard Voors, Joseph Dahlinghaus, and Florian Notheis.

On Washington's Birthday the Columbians presented an interesting and meritorious program. Every member was well prepared and entirely at home with the idea and meaning of his selection, and naturally drew the audience to follow him in every detail. The following were the numbers:

1. Inaugural Address—Pioneers of Civilization.....A. Linneman.
2. Dram. Selection—Legend of Bl. Egidius.....Isidore Collins.
3. Tribute to Washington .... . . . .Anthony Knapke.
4. Song.....Glee Club.
5. Comical Selection—"The Ghosts".....Otto Muehlenbrink.
6. Debate—Resolved: That the Immigration of the Chinese and Japanese is detrimental to the U. S.  
     Aff.....Joseph Boland.  
     Neg.....Evaristus Olberding.
7. "Painter of Seville".....Leo Spornhauer.
8. Song.....Select Quartette.
9. Humorous Selection—"He awoke the Dead".....H. Berghoff.
10. Oration—The Conscience of the People is now Awake....H. Dues.

Mr. Linneman delivered an interesting essay on a new and stirring subject. The debate was also well handled and resulted in a verdict for the affirmative. But Mr. Muehlen-



brink starred above all others in his comical selection entitled "The Ghosts." It was, to say the least, a rare treat for the audience. The Select Quartette consisting of Messrs. L. Brucken, E. Neumeier, C. Ruhlman, and Wm. Franze deserve special mention for the choice selections with which they enlivened the program.

**A. L. S.** The Aloysians entered upon the new scholastic year with renewed spirit, as is plainly apparent from the interest shown in their several programs. At present they are preparing a literary program for the 10th of March.

On February 3, the regular election was held, the following gentlemen obtaining offices: Joseph Vurpillat, Pres.; Richard Kuntz, V. Pres.; Frank Seifert, Sec.; Bernard Nagel, Treas.; Carl Minick, Marshal; Wm. Dowd, Libr.; Raymond Stollkamp, Editor; Harvey Schmall, Aug. Berghoff, George Lang, Ex. Com.

During the last month a number of valuable books were donated to the Aloysians through the kindness of Mr. Herman Engbrecht. The Society wishes hereby to express their appreciation of the gift and extend their sincerest thanks for the same.

**St. X. L. S.** The Xaverians, intent upon making the year '07 the banner one of their history, met on the last Sunday of the old year to elect a new staff of officers. As a result the Society declared in favor of Mr. Alex. Linneman as President, Linus Hildebrand as Sec. The remaining officers were as follows: F. Lippert, V. Pres.; C. Kloeters, Critic; D. Durler, Libr.; C. Crock, Marsh.; Messrs. F. Lippert, P. Wiese, and B. Condon, Ex. Com. A noteworthy feature of this election was the excellent speeches made by the officers elect, something, we must acknowledge, heretofore somewhat overlooked by the Xaverians.

An important change has also been made in the Society. Fr. Vitus Schuette, the esteemed director during the past three years, having been called to a different field of labor, has resigned the leadership of the Society, and Fr. Simon

has been appointed his successor. Though he has severed official connection with the Society, Fr. Vitus will long be remembered for the zeal he has manifested in promoting the welfare of every member of the German Society, and the thought of the many successes that crowned his endeavors will ever be a new incentive to the members for the future. May success likewise attend his efforts in his new field of labor. To Fr. Simon, the present Spiritual Director, a sincere welcome.

**Marian Sodality.** The Marian Sodality assembled in the College Chapel on Sunday, Feb. 3, for their regular semi-annual election. Mr. Isidore Collins was voted in as Prefect for the ensuing term, with Messrs. John Gallagher and Herman Grube as 1st and 2nd Assistants respectively. The roll of the Sodality will soon be increased by the admittance of several new members, which will give the Society a very large membership.

**The Concordia.** Not least among the movements set on foot by the students of the South-side study hall, is that which resulted in the formation of a Glee Club under the title of "The Concordia." The need of such a club has long been felt among the students, and it is safe to predict that under the able management of Fr. Simon Kuhmuench they will succeed in infusing life and enthusiasm among the boys and impart to their programs and entertainments a true spirit of cheerfulness and college joviality.

The present members are as follows: Isidore Collins, Ivo Weis, Alexander Linneman, George Scheidler, Paul Wiese, Albert Scherrieb, Bernard Condon, Linus Hildebrand, George Pax, Frederick Lippert.



## Das Heiligtum von Antiochien.

THE Members of the X. L. S. tipped the scale of their dramatic endeavors on the evening of Jan. 13, in presenting the high class drama, "Das Heiligtum von Antiochien." The participants understood very well what a task they had undertaken, but were determined not to be baffled by difficulties. All, even the minor characters, considered themselves absolutely necessary parts of the whole, and were convinced that the efforts of each must work in harmonious union, in order that the rendition be properly linked, and that the deep impression be made which the dramatic trend of events demanded.

In no other dramatic exhibition, conducted by the X. L. S., were 'push' and 'get together' so apparent than in preparation for this last appearance. Characteristic of the evening's performance was the almost automatic way in which the scenery was shifted between the acts. What little intermission occurred was filled out with some excellent musical selections and the reading of a synopsis of the play in English for the benefit of the students not sufficiently familiar with the German.

In importance, and certainly also in merit, Linus Hildebrand held the chief place, portraying the chivalrous Godfrey de Bouillon with strong effect. Stern and discreet in time of decision, he was neither discouraged on hearing the news of the supposed apostasy of his son Radulf, nor by the restless ambition and the incessant promptings of Boheimund (E. Olberding) for more chivalrous action on the part of the leaders of the Crusaders.

Closely connected with Godfrey, and the chief counsellor in his doubts, was Alex. Linneman in the role of Raymond of Toulouse. Both in appearance and speech the gentlemen

evinced great deliberation, which balanced with the restless chivalry of Bohemund.

Bernard Condon in the role of Radulf was exceptionally clear and determinate in accent and undaunted in action. Steadfast in the sacred cause of the Cross, he reflected at every crisis the heroism of his father.

Fred. Lippert had to screw himself up to something more than ordinary to impersonate the double-dealing villainous Turk, since the gentleman is more inclined to the humorous. Mr. Lippert gave proofs of some rare qualities of action seldom found in amateurs.

George Pax as leader of the Turks was the direct counterpart of Godfrey, both in word and dramatic action. Although relying more upon the schemes of Hassan than upon personal discession, he was yet firm and resolute in seeing that his mandates were obeyed.

Achmed, the convert Turk, impersonated by Herman Grube, was the most sympathetic character in the cast. His voice was especially clear and tender, and expressive of resignation in the cause of Christianity, but sharp and decisive in predicting Hassan's bitter end at the breach between the two in Act. V— "Du Schlange sollst im eigenen Gifte enden."

Particularly impressive were the monks, singing their hymns of peace and penance while burying the dead.

For such a masterly attempt in a rendition of this kind, some praise is but just and highly significant. It was no little surprise to the participants themselves as well as to the audience that success attended every scene. To the Rev. Moderator, Father Vitus Schuette belongs the chief honor for the successful presentation of this play.

I. C., '07.



## Announcement.

THE Civil Engineering Class will continue work during the Summer-Vacation, provided a sufficient number of students will enrol. Any applicant who wishes to enter the Engineering Department of St. Joseph's College as a regular student, or who desires a practical course in field work during the vacation only, should communicate with the Rector of the College as soon as practicable.

Instructions will be given by an Engineer of twenty years' experience in Railroad and Municipal work.

## Athletics.

IMMEDIATELY upon the return of the students after the holidays the Athletic Association met in regular meeting for the election of officers. A. Knapke was elected President of the Association, whilst J. Gallagher and V. William's retained their offices of Secretary and Treasurer. The following members were chosen for the Board of Appropriation: C. Boeke, A. Wittman, L. Faurot, T. Quinlan, H. Froning, G. Hasser.

### BASKET-BALL.

Thursday, Jan. 17, was a day of much interest to all, since St. Joseph's played their first basket-ball game with St. Cyril's of Chicago. St. Cyril's was returned the victor by a score of 20—7.

Both teams started in the game with the snappy play which characterized the whole game. For the first ten or fifteen minutes the contest was close, but toward the latter part of the half it could be clearly seen that the home team were not in the same class with their opponents, owing to their lack of experience. The first half ended 15—5, in St. Cyril's favor.

The second half was marked by careful guarding by both teams, and it was with difficulty that either side scored. During the entire half the visitors landed but two field goals, while the locals managed to make one.

Ingham and Shostoski for St. Cyril's divided honors for the laurels. All of the St. Cyril's played fast. Although the home team displayed some fine team work, their passes were short, and by the time they would work the ball up near the basket, the St. Cyrils guards would break up the play. Pfeffer played the best game for St. Joseph's; his guarding and floor work was really fine. The spirit and rooting by the St. Joseph's boys, was decidedly tame on this occasion.

The line-up and summary:-

S. J. C.		St. C.
Nageleisen	Forward	Shostoski
Donahue	Forward	Cook
Hasser	Centre	Ingham
Dowling	Guard	Ulatawski
Pfeffer	Guard	Von Albade

Field goals, Ingham, 4 Shostoski 4, Donahue 2, Nageleisen 1. Foul goals, Ingham 2, Shostoski 2. Fouls, S. J. C., 12, St. C., 8. Referee Doyle, Umpire Williams.

Sat., Feb. 24, St. Joseph's defeated the Whiting basketball quintet in one of the fastest contests of the indoor game that has been played on our floor this season.

Both teams played hard and fast throughout the entire game, and the result was in doubt until the very last. The score zigzagged up and down until the last minute, when Nageleisen scored the winning point from the foul line.

Line-up:-

S. J. C.		Whiting.
Peffer	Forward	Green
Gallagher	Forward	Morrison
Nageleisen	Centre	Girard
Kraebel	Guard	Trowe
Kemper	Guard	Connors

Score, 37—36. Referee, Judgeson; Umpire, Donahue.





V. Williams, H. Kemper, R. Donnelly, J. Krabel, A. Knapke,  
L. Nagelisen, Mgr. A. Besinger, G. Hasser, C. Pfeiffer, J. Gallagher, Cap.







Sunday, Feb. 3d, the III Commercials met the strong Rensselaer team, and after a hard tussle defeated them by a score of 9—6.

The game was a good exhibition of basket-ball, and all that gathered to witness the contest enjoyed it and were worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

In the first half the playing was fast and brilliant, with honors a trifle in favor of the Commercials. The half ended with Rensselaer hard up for wind, and the Commercials in the lead. Score 4—3.

The second half was hard fought from beginning to end. Some unnecessary roughness was noticable throughout the half, but it nevertheless was characterized by many clever plays. The superior team work of the home team was much in evidence during this half, and as a result they scored two goals on their opponents. The individual playing of Hanley and Kemper accounted for the Commercials' victory.

The Summary:—

III. Commercials.		Rensselaer.
Kemper	Forward	Woodworth
Brunner	Forward	Parcels
Fox	Centre	Morgan
Hanley	Guard	Milliron
Besinger	Guard	Sailers

Goals—Kemper, Hanley, Fox 2, Woodworth, Morgan 2. Referee, Gallagher; Umpire, Donahue.

Since the last issue of the Collegian the basket ball team has been somewhat renovated, and now many new faces appear on it. It was found advisable to take this step for several reasons, especially since much stellar development has been achieved by many players. J. Gallagher has been elected captain of the newly organized team to succeed L. Nageleisen. The team is composed of the following finished and competent players: L. Nageleisen, G. Hasser, C. Pfeffer, H. Kemper, A. Besinger and J. Kraebel. This team is thought to be far superior to the former, and if given the proper support will advance St. Joseph's honor in basket-ball.

## POLO.

Considerable interest has been shown during the past months for polo. This game is a novelty to many, as this is the first year it has been played by the students with any relish. The game serves as a good substitute in free time for basket-ball, and it is an ideal in-door sport.

Teams have been organized and a regular schedule of games has been arranged between them. Many good games have been played, and improvement in the teams is daily noticeable.

The standing and captains of the different teams is as follows:—

Names.	Capt.	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Invincibles	(Hanley)	6	4	2	665
Imperials	(Nageleisen)	5	3	2	600
Old Reliables	(Pauley)	7	3	4	420
Keystones	(Besinger)	4	1	3	250

## BASE-BALL.

All are now anxiously awaiting the opening of the base-ball season. And it is of course our wish that we will again have a team that will successfully sustain the glorious record which our men made on the diamond last year. It is too early to predict what kind of a team will represent St. Joseph's this year, but we entertain very encouraging hopes. Five of last year's players are still at the College, and good material is assured from the "try-outs." However, we will sorely miss the playing of last year's reliable battery, namely, Sullivan and Shea. We do not hesitate to say that our fine showing of last year was mostly owing to their steady work. These two players will linger long in the memories of the base-ball enthusiasts of St. Joseph's. But with much promising material as we now have, we are not afraid to encounter all opponents. The first game of the season will be played April 13th.



## Localisms.

Hub: These warm days are telling on the boys.

Dub: Why?

Hub: They've all got the athletic fits.

Prof: Translate: *acerbitas paterna*.

Hiram: Fatherly sharpness.

Enthusiastic player in basket ball game: "Pass the ball to me. Let me throw a few baskets."

Hank has expressed his willingness to lend his red socks to anyone desiring to give a comical recitation.

For the past two weeks our worthy librarian, Thomas, has been busily engaged in making an index for the library and in shooting paper wads. In the latter he has been assisted by his old friend Henry.

A Peep into a Student's Diary:

Wed. 20. To-day I got a letter from my sister. Free from 3.30 to 4.45. Took sick at 4.45 and went to sick-room.

Thurs. 21. Not able to go to class. Had a good dinner. Better than I get at the table.

Fri. 22. Washington's Birthday. Much better to-day. Able to be out and take part in the games.

Sat. 23. Studied a full hour and a quarter. Know three Greek words and a Latin sentence. Free from 12 to 5.

Sun. 24. No studies to day from 10 to 12.

Mon. 25. Sick to-day. Bro. Vic. says I study too hard. Will write home and tell the folks about it.

Tues. 26. Only one month and two days till Easter! My, how the time does fly!

Preparatory Johnny: I woosht I was already in the upper study-hall. Gee, it mus' be fine to study up so high. And then, what a change it makes on a fellow anyhow. They

say that last winter Pete was jist like the rest of us down here, and now he can give you a look that'll make you shiver. I s'pose we look kind o' little to one o' them fellows, when they come down with their hands in their pockets. I don't know, but I kind a' like that heavy walkin' of their'n; it surely counts for somethin'. When you're up there, you can do jist what you want, and have first on everything. I tell you, it's great to be wise.

"On Time."

Dingle, dingle, dingle, dingle;  
 Into every nook and corner  
 Of the college dormitory  
 Pealed the call of morning bell.  
 Groans and sighs and -tern awak'ning,  
 Sitting up and looking round them;  
 Rubbing pates and yawning fiercely,  
 Lots of time,—another nap.  
 Few are stirring, drowsy, drone-like,  
 Feeling under chair and bedstead,  
 Feeling for the socks that wandered  
 In their nightly pranks and revels  
 To the shoes of different quarters;  
 Shirts with sleeves turned wrong side out,  
 Ties and collars strewn about.  
 Thus a quarter hour passes,  
 Some are fast asleep again—  
 Hist! The warning voice of prefect:  
 "One more minute for your dressing;  
 Those who're late will miss their breakfast."  
 Suddenly there comes a groaning,  
 Rising, dressing, hunting, finding,  
 Scrambling, seizing, starting, stopping,  
 Rushing for the door th at's closing;  
 Scrambling down the hall and stairway,  
 Carrying in their hands their trappings,  
 Shoes and stockings, shirts and collars;  
 Dressing on a run, they hurry  
 To the study-hall below.  
 Life at school would be amiss,  
 But for stirring scenes like this.